[1]
Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
The English Department

Tom Tell-Troth:

OR, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

DEVIL and the POPE,

About Carrying on the

PLOT.

DEVIL.

MY dear adopted Heir, mine only Son,
Thou that haſt fought, and all my Battels won,
Inlarg'd my Kingdom, and with Thouſand Souls
Fill'd up the Cat'logue of my ſulphury Rowles;
Whoſe fi'ry Bulls, and bloody Inquiſition,
Feign'd Purgatory, and thy falſe Tradition,
Beads, Images, thy Relicks, Crucifix,
Indulgence, Pardons, and ſuch taking-tricks,

Have more augmented my Infernal Hoſt,
Than Pagan-*Rome* her ſelf could ever boaſt,
And damn'd more Souls, than Hereticks e're loſt.
This to thy glory I acknowledg ——
POPE. Grand-ſire of Popes, 'tis kindneſs thus to own
What duty we thy Noſe-led Sons have ſhown.
That Letter which I lately did receive
From thy dark Court, did me ſuch courage give,
(Which I had anſwer'd (*Sir*) but for this Reaſon,
So many of our men of late for Treaſon
Have ply'd old *Charon* ſo, that he did ſwear,
Go and be damn'd your ſelf, d'ye think I care
To be your Porter? I muſt tend my Fare.
D. Is he ſo fluſht? I ſhall abate his fee.
P. And well you may, ſince 'tis encreas'd by me.)
That welcom Packet (you may it believe)
To me, I ſay, did ſuch new vigour give,
As had not that myſterious Engliſh Monſter,
Which Popes or Devils ne're could truly conſter,
Who all our Policies do circumvent,
That many-headed Beaſt call'd *Parliament*,
Croſs'd my deſigns, *Englands* admir'd Prince
Had fall'n a ſacrifice to thee long ſince.
But ſince your Devilſhip is pleas'd to come
In perſon, to your lower Court at *Rome*,
My zeal's blown up to ſuch an heat, nay flame,
That I reſolve it (in the Devils name)
Neither to ſtop or ſtay, I'le take no reſt
Till I have once more fir'd that Rebel neſt
Of Hereticks; and if my Jeſuits falter,
I will my ſelf provide them each an Halter.
Had not baſe Cowardiſe appear'd our foe
At *Whitt-hall*, *Windſor*, and *New-market* too
Our work, I'am ſure, had not been now to do:
But ſince they are ſo fearful of the Rope,
They ſhall expect it from their Father Pope.

The next occaſion that doth happen fair,
He that ſhall ſlip it, i'faith, I'le ſend him where
He ſhall do penance for his pannick fear.

D. Heroickly reſolv'd, I like it well:
But how will you go forward, can you tell?

P. That I expect from you; but the old Mask
I think will ſerve till we have done our task.

D. What mask is that, my Son? *P.* Religion. *D.* Right,
This mannag'd well, with policy, and might,
Will do the buſineſs: wreſt it as you pleaſe,
This way, or that, to give the Actor eaſe.
Make it a Shooing-horn, that will eas'ly draw
Any thing on, and make it ſeem a Law.
A Stalking-horſe, whereunder you may lurk,
Till you've accompliſh'd your intended work.
'Tis a brave guil ed-Mask that blears the eye,
And makes a lye ſeem truth, and truth a lye.
You've put it on already, uſe it well,
And expect aid from all the powers of Hell.

P. I hope, moſt Infamous *Apollyon*,
You will be pleas'd to ſee how we go on;
And new inſpire us with *Ignatian* zeal,
To make ſuch Rents as none ſhall ever heal.

D. Doubt not my utmoſt aid, for 'tis the Pope
And his Adherents are the only hope
I have on earth; 'tis by your heads and hands
My Kingdom in the world ſo ſtrongly ſtands.
Beſides, if you conſider well how I
Have taught you to equivocate and lye,
Then to confirm it by the Sacrament,
You've little cauſe to doubt my male-intent.
A thouſand ways I've ſhewn you how to gull
The cred'lous multitude, and do you——?

P. Nay, pray, Sir, be not thus enrag'd, that I
Ask the aſſiſtance of your pollicy.
Preceding Popes have by tradition told
What you by them, and for them did of old.

And

And I confeſs (dear Father) you have done
As much for me as e're you did for Son.
For which, I vow, I will not fail to ſac're
Thoſe dues to you, I owe unto my Maker;
And dayly more endeavour Art and Powers
T'aſſure you (Sir) I am obliged yours:
Yet am I but a paſſive inſtrument
In your wiſe hands, to perfect your intent.
The Conqueſts that I win, belong to you,
And I hold it juſt, to give the De'il his due,
And truer Trojans, *Sir*, you have but few.
D. I am appeas'd.——Obſerve now what I ſay,
Till all obſtructions lying in our way
Be beaten down, my Scepter cannot ſway.
P. Name what they are, *Sir*, and the Devil take me
If I don't do't, unleſs my Imps forſake me,
Which I don't fear, for they have plighted troth
To be thy faithful drudges and mine both:
And no reſerves ſhall ſerve, that they can mint;
If Devil cheat Devil, then the Devils in't:
Equivicate they may with Hereticks,
But not with thee or me, who know their tricks.
Thy counſel therefore Great *Abaddon*——
D. Firſt ſet on work your Engines, to prevent
That ador'd Idol, called Parliament;
Hells greateſt envy, Popery's mortal foe,
Popes plague and peſt, and *Rome*'s eternal woe.
Theſe muſt not ſit, for they'l be laying ope
All our ambuſhments, and ſiniſter ſcope:
See this be done, and then there is no doubt,
But we ſhall yet bring matters brave about.
P. But grant they do, if we the Members chuſe,
Our party by it then can nothing loſe.
D. But that's a deviliſh hazard, if we ſhall;
'Tis ſafer, therefore, there be none at all.
P. Agreed, and to this end, in us, I'le ſee
That nothing ſhall be wanting. *D*. Nor in me.

Next, I adviſe, you ſpeedily depoſe
Him, whom th' Almighty his Vicegerent choſe:
Let not that Bugbare, Idol, name of King,
Into your ſpirits any terror bring.
He is Heretical declar'd;——'tis good
To get his Crown by ſhedding of his blood,
'Tis our great loſs that He ſo long hath ſtood.
Then *England*'s Gloyr, King and Parliament
Deſtroy'd, we cannot fail of our intent,
To pull down Laws both Civil and Divine,
And in their room to ſet up yours and mine.
A cunning cheat, the Church and State to mend
By killing Him that ſhould them both defend.
P. St. *Coleman* good ſucceſs unto it ſend.
D. This done, to Trap again, and with that game,
Cutting won't be amiſs, that ſo the flame
May ne're extinguiſh'd be, but by a flood
Of the accurſed Hereticks heart-blood.
And to this end, ſee you an Army fix,
That you ben't baſſl'd as in Sixty ſix,
And do your work by halves——
P. Each man ſhall ſtrive who ſhall burn and kill moſt,
And I will pray, the Devil take the hindmoſt.
D. It ſhall be ſo; and ſo adieu. *P.* Nay, ſtay,
And think if you've not ſomewhat more to ſay.
D. What if the Shipping you ſhould ſet on fire?
P. 'Tis well remembred, my miſchievous Sire.
A little of that i'th' *Thames*, at *Chatham* too,
Would greatly weaken our Imperial foe,
And to our Friends, the *French*, huge ſervice do.
'Tis well you ſtay'd, What more?——
D. Juſtice corrupt with Bribes; you ſee the bait
Is pleaſing, and if large, is taken ſtrait.
Make rents in Church, fire the Non-Con's zeal,
And Con's 'gainſt him, till they each other peal.
Preach up the Ceremonies now, and when
You know 'twill tickle, Preach them down again.

Some-

Sometimes the Biſhop you muſt ſtile Divine,
That under thoſe alone the Church doth ſhine:
That all Fanaticks, and their falſe opinion,
Are wholly mine, and ſet up my Dominion.
Sometimes *John* Presbyter commend, and cry,
They are the Preaching, Goſpel Miniſtry.
Then for Plebeans, you'll do very well,
To baniſh from their minds all fear of Hell.
Far from the guilt take puniſhment of ſin,
And love to God will not reſtrain 'em in.
This to do better, take away the Law,
Give them the Reins, force not, but ſlyly draw;
The Law being ta'ne away, ſin is not known;
And ſo the game is up, the day your own.
Stile groſſeſt ſins, ſlips of infirmity,
And Chriſtian duties, falſe Idolatry.
Tell them that Chriſt hath dy'd, there need's no more
But bare belief, the reſt may paſs oth' ſcore.
That Heaven's their own by Letters-patents granted;
And there's no ſin can damn the Covenanted:
And I believe a ſmall Arithmetick
May count the number that to God will ſtick.
How like you this my Son? *P.* Like it Sir?
'Tis like thy ſelf, adored *Lucifer*.

D. Once more farewell, for I muſt to my Vault,
Where I have ſome already for this fault.

P. Nay, Father ſtay, by mentioning your Cell
Or Vault, where you and your Companions dwell,
A ſecret you have brought into my mind,
I fain would be reſolv'd in: be ſo kind
To tell how *Langhorn*, *Coleman*, *Gavan*, *Grove*,
With th' reſt do like our Purgatory Stove?
Do they not cry that they were all betray'd,
And curſe the Feaſt too, now the Reck'nings paid?

D. Son, I would tell, but if it comes to fight,
It is enough our Vaſſals all to fright;
To make them tack about, and leave us quite.

And

And ſave their Souls by a full confeſſion,
Which theſe have loſt by damn'd equivication.
Hark then, my Darling Son, put cloſe thine ear,
For I muſt only whiſper it, for fear
Some Heretick ſhould chance to over-hear.

P. I liſten, Father, with my greateſt care.

D. Such is their carriage Son (the truth to tell)
They make thy Purgatory a meer Hell.
They're ſo inrag'd to ſee themſelves defeated,
And flaming-mad to think how they are cheated
Of ſoul and body both, they vex me more
Than half the damned that I had before.
Hark, methinks I hear them! hark——

Coleman, Langhorn, Gawan, &c.

O horrid folly! where were our wits, our faith,
To credit him, who lies what e're he ſaith!
Ah! Popiſh zeal, which we before thought right,
Proves now the Devil turn'd to an Angel bright.
O had we but one hours reprieve from Hell,
To fetch him there, that taught us to Rebel;
With Father Pope, and all his ſmooth-tongu'd tools,
Who made us bloody Traytors, Knaves and Fools;
Whoſe curs'd Indulgence, Abſolutions, Bull,
Do ſilly Souls thus into miſchief gull.
Let's break our Chains and fly into the World,
And pull down him, that hath us hither hurl'd;
Lay ope the Plot, the people undeceive,
That never man may Papiſt more believe.
Wee'l tell the King what danger he is in,
Although they ſwear, and ſwear, and ſwear again.
Wee'l tell the Duke too, whither he is going
To his eternal ruine and undoing.
We will inform each Proteſtant we meet,
Of every diſguis'd Prieſt that walks the Street.
There's not a Romiſh Factor in the Nation,
But we'l diſcloſe him fully, and his ſtation:
Bring them to *Tyburn*, and fill *Charon*'s Boats,
Fuller than *Bedlow* hath, or Dr. *Oates*.

Thus

Thus with one mouth your Holineſs they Curſe,
Threaten thoſe things, yea, and Ten thouſand worſe,
Could they get out. *P.* And will you let them go,
To ruine all our fair deſigns? *D.* No, no,
Never fear that, my Son, do thou but haſt
All the reſt thither, and I'le keep them faſt,
Till thou thy ſelf come to them at the laſt.
Where Popes, and Jeſuits, and all the crew,
Which greatly hath enlarged been by you,
Together ſhall lye down in infamy,
Torment and ſhame, to all Eternity.

FINIS.